

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #29

by

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FINAL DRAFT  
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY. . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
CATHY . . . . .	DEBRALEE SCOTT
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
MARTHA. . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
GRANDPA . . . . .	VICTOR KILIAN
ROBERTA WALASHAK. . . . .	SAMANTHA HARPER
FOLEY'S VOICE . . . . .	BRUCE SOLOMON
GEORGE. . . . .	PHIL BRUNS
DETECTIVE JOHNSON . . . . .	RON FEINBERG
DR. ABRAMSON. . . . .	JOE BRATCHER
BOB GILROY. . . . .	
SAL BABBITAGLIA . . . . .	
A PLAINCLOTHES COP. . . . .	

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ACT ONESCENE 1MARY'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

SAME DAY AS #28. THE KITCHEN EMPTY;  
CATHY CALLING FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

CATHY

Mary! Mary! Where are you? (ENTERING,  
IN CIVVIES) This is no time for you not  
to be here!

MARY COMING IN THE BACK DOOR WITH  
HER MOP, PAIL AND MR. CLEAN.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Oh, thank goodness, you're home!

MARY

Yeah, I'm here. What's the matter? I  
mean, what are you doing here?

CATHY

I came in the front. It was unlocked.

MARY

The front was unlocked? You could have  
robbed us! I was over at Loretta's --

CATHY

She's in the hospital.

MARY

I know, that's why I was there.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I mean, I wasn't visiting -- I was cleaning. She's a lovely girl, but you wouldn't believe --

CATHY

Oh, yes I would. That's why I'm here. Because things just aren't believable! (GETTING A LITTLE EMOTIONAL AGAIN)

MARY

You mean, you've seen the way Charlie keeps house? Not even Mr. Clean worked and he does everything.

CATHY

You should have used Fantastic.

MARY

Why? Is it new and improved? Never mind -- you look upset, sit down.

CATHY

You look tired.

MARY

I just saw Tom, I'd better sit down too.  
THEY SIT.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now, what's unbelievable?

CATHY

My job. I quit.

MARY

Your first day?

CATHY

My first customer. Only you couldn't call him a customer. He was a freak! Oh, Mary, it was so humiliating! Do you have any Diet Pepsi?

MARY

(GETTING UP) Sure. You're blood sugar's probably low. They say after any emotional upset --

CATHY

I know, you feel so... yucckkk.

MARY

Of course, Diet doesn't have any sugar...

CATHY

But it tastes like it.

MARY

Right. (BRINGING HER THE PEPSI) So... what happened?

CATHY

Well, I was in the massage parlor, in this meter maid's uniform...

MARY

Meter maid? Was the massage parlor in that public parking lot?

CATHY

No. It was in the old World-Wide Life Church building.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

See, this weird guy came in with this valise -- and inside was this uniform and ... four feet of rubber hose...

MARY

Oh, my God... that's sick.

CATHY

I agree.

MARY

I mean I don't know exactly how sick... but I can imagine. I mean if a man just didn't happen to like meter maids... or uniforms of any kind... can you imagine the damage he could do with four feet of rubber hose! I mean, even Tom Snyder, when I can't sleep, and they bring out these sick people...

CATHY

It really wakes you up.

MARY

Oh, yeah -- I often have to see the late movie to calm down again.

CATHY

Well, Mom warned me. I should have listened -- anyway, now Daddy's got this baseball bat.

MARY

What's he doing with a baseball bat?

CATHY

He's going to kill Mr. Babbitaglia down  
at the massage parlor --

MARY

Well, thank God it isn't a gun. They  
could arrest him for having a gun.

CATHY

Not that I care about Mr. Babbitaglia.  
He deserves it. He lied to me --

MARY

Well, not that I'm trying to defend the  
man, but when you go to work in a 'massage  
parlor' -- don't you expect something --  
uh, unusual?

CATHY

No. I'm very trusting. Anyway, I came  
over to ask you and Tom to do down there,  
and stop Daddy!

MARY

Why? You really think he'd kill him?

CATHY

Yes!! Mary, please! Where's Tom?

MARY

I'm not talking to Tom. He was impossible.  
He made all sorts of snide references about  
why I was there with my Mister Clean...

CATHY

Where with your Mr. Clean? I don't know  
what you're talking about, Mary!

MARY

Imagine saying I was there because I wanted to see him. A dust rag in my hand, no makeup... And then he says he wants me to go with him to see the psychological counselor at the plant... to save our marriage. I mean, with no makeup?

CATHY

You should have gone.

MARY

You're not getting the point. The thing is Tom is in the wrong, and he's trying to get me to share the blame.

CATHY

Takes two to tango.

MARY

Cathy, you said you didn't know what I was talking about. Let's keep it that way! I am not responsible for Tom's mistakes with that woman... And I am not going to embarrass myself by discussing the details of a failed marriage with some man who's obviously going to take the man's point of view. No, I'm not. I'm just not.

CUT TO: . . .

SCENE 2

SEC. PLANT

TOM AWKWARDLY COMING IN WITH BOB GILROY, THE PLANT COUNSELOR, A YOUNG GUY WITH A VERY OFF-HAND MANNER.

BOB

Okay, Tom, let's just sit down here, and you can tell me what's on your mind.

TOM

Yeah, well, I've been thinking...

BOB

That's good.

TOM

And I've decided I can't talk about it.

BOB

Lemme guess. Just to help you get the old pump primed. (LEANS IN) Having trouble with the "little woman", ole buddy?

TOM

(EASING) Yeah... say, how'd you guess that?

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO~~SCENE 3~~SEC. PLANT, - FOLLOWING

TOM

This isn't gonna be easy for me, Bob.  
You really expect me to talk -- just like  
that?

BOB

That's what it's all about.

TOM

Okay, I'll... I'll try.

BOB

Only first I wanna get a cup of coffee.  
You can go right ahead.

TOM

No, thanks, I don't want any. I don't  
like the way they brew it in those  
machines. It's bitter. Even with cream  
and sugar. And then there's the taste of  
cardboard.

BOB

(GETTING HIS COFFEE) You can go ahead  
and talk.

TOM

I am talking.

BOB

You're avoiding.

TOM

Look, you were the one who wanted to come in here and have coffee. I mean, I don't know how you expect anyone to feel like they can confide, you know, about personal things, I mean, in the middle of the employee's lounge.

BOB

It's good for you. It's an informal setting. Just relax and think of me as an old friend.

TOM

I think of you as a shrink, and I'm not relaxed.

BOB

That's honest. That's the way you feel, that's good.

TOM

I mean, it's so open here, what if somebody comes by?

BOB

People come by in life. You've just gotta adjust.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Besides, my office is this awful puke color -- I can't get 'em to paint it. So I just never show up. No windows. It depresses me. Now... your marriage is on the rocks and you're feeling insecure as a man.

TOM

(LOOKING AROUND) Hey, come on -- I didn't say that!

BOB

Well, you said something like it. Fill me in if I'm missing the good parts.

TOM

Good parts? You make it sound like a dirty book.

BOB

Is that the way you see your marriage?

TOM

No -- I mean, it's not all sex.

BOB

You think of sex being like a dirty book?

TOM

Hey, look, what's with you? I thought shrinks were supposed to let you talk and, you know, make you feel better about yourself?

BOB

First of all, I'm not a shrink. I'm a lay psychologist. Second, I like to get down to the nitty-gritty and fight it out.

TOM

Yeah, but -- (LOOKING AROUND) -- what if someone hears?

BOB

What if, what if -- ? That's half the problem. People spend their lives afraid of all the if's and maybe's. You're doing yourself a terrible disservice. Nothing you've done is so bad that people won't accept it as just being human. We all share the same problems...

TOM

Well, I guess, in a way...

BOB

Of course. Look, I've had some pretty cruddy times myself. We all have. I'm not ashamed of them. I can talk about them, because I know they're just human.

TOM

Right!

BOB

So, you just go ahead, and tell me what's on your mind, and I'll listen.

∴

TOM

Okay...

BOB

You're having this problem with your wife.

TOM

Well...

BOB

Come on, come on -- whatever it is, it  
can't be all that bad.

TOM

You see, the thing is Mary and I haven't  
been...

BOB

Making it?

TOM

No!!!... Well, yes. Jeez, you really do  
get to the nitty!

BOB

And the gritty. Tom, my specialty is  
understanding.

TOM

Well... anyhow I met this other woman, you  
know, who I kinda liked, you know, just  
friendly... liked...

BOB

And you went to bed with her.

TOM

Jeez!

BOB

Perfectly human, Tom, perfectly human. Your wife find out?

TOM NODS.

BOB (CONT'D)

So naturally there was a perfectly human reaction on her part.

TOM

(NODDING) Especially after I told her I picked up this disease...

BOB

(SHOCKED) Wait a minute.

TOM

Wait a minute what?

BOB

You mean, you gave your very own wife...

TOM

Yeah, and we took shots. Look, I didn't mean it.

BOB

I know you didn't mean it, but, Tom, that is the lowest...

TOM

Hey, I thought your specialty was understanding.

BOB

(OVERRIDING) Yes, but I have my faults, too.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

And a man giving his wife a social disease  
... well, that passes all understanding  
with me!

TOM

It's human, it happens.

BOB

I know it happens, but I have to be in touch  
with my own feelings, and when you tell me  
something like that -- I just have to get  
up and walk away from you, because that's my  
gut reaction and nothing else would be  
honest.

TOM JUST LEFT SITTING THERE.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESCENE 41HOSP. CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

CHARLIE COMING BACK TO LORETTA'S  
ROOM WITH A CUP OF COFFEE, YOUNG  
DR. ABRAMSON APPROACHING HIM.

ABRAMSON

Mr. Haggars?

CHARLIE

Yessir?

ABRAMSON

I was wondering if I could talk to you  
a minute.

CHARLIE

Well, I was just goin' in to see Loretta --

ABRAMSON

It's about your wife.

CHARLIE

What about her?

ABRAMSON

Look, Mr. Haggars, can I talk to you  
confidentially?

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

ABRAMSON

That means privately.

CHARLIE

I know what confidential means. I mean,  
what do you want to talk to me about?

ABRAMSON

Well, you see, I have this philosophy  
about medicine...

CHARLIE

You wanna talk philosophy?

ABRAMSON

No, this is just by way of background.  
You see, I have very strong feelings about  
the patient's rights and the, uh, well,  
de-mystification of the doctor patient  
relationship. And the thing is I don't  
want my personal bias to color something  
that has to be a perfectly objective value  
judgment.

CHARLIE

(UNABLE TO FOLLOW) Well, no, I should say  
not.

ABRAMSON

Because frankly, they would have my hide  
if they found out.

CHARLIE

Who's they?

ABRAMSON

The doctors on staff. Especially Dr. Hastings. You see, he's my superior --

CHARLIE

Wait a minute, that's Loretta's doctor.

ABRAMSON

That's what I'm trying to say. I mean, I've already been warned about making wild charges.

CHARLIE

What sort of charges?

ABRAMSON

He bungled your wife's operation; it's a cut and dried case of professional negligence, pardon the phrase.

CHARLIE

You mean, he botched it?

ABRAMSON

I mean, Mrs. Haggars never needed surgery in the first place. A careful reading of the x-rays shows that. And so, Dr. Hastings went in looking for something that wasn't there and caused the damage that's responsible for you wife's being paralyzed. At least, that's my feeling.

NO RESPONSE.

ABRAMSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Haggars?

STILL NO RESPONSE.

ABRAMSON (CONT'D)

Look, I'm on call now, and I've got to go,  
and I'm sorry if I upset you, but I just  
had to say what was on my mind. Have a  
good day.

HE GOES. CHARLIE, STUPIFIED, TURNS  
INTO LORETTA'S ROOM.

CUTTING TO:

SCENE 52

INT. ROOM

LORETTA IN BED, PROPPED UP AND  
RESTLESS, REACTS AS CHARLIE ENTERS.

LORETTA

What's the matter? Ain't the coffee no  
good?

CHARLIE

Oh, fine, sure. (STILL STUNNED AS HE SITS)

LORETTA

Did you get what you went for?

CHARLIE

Well, they had black and with sugar, but  
the cream gizmo musta' been on the blink.

LORETTA

No, I mean from all them doctors been  
hangin' around? Whatcha' get from them?

CHARLIE

Oh, not much.

LORETTA

But that's what you was goin' to find out?  
Why they're keepin' me here like some mummy.

CHARLIE

You're the sweetest little mummy I ever did  
see.

LORETTA

(STARING AT HIM) Charlie, how come you look  
so pequid?

CHARLIE

I don't look pequid.

LORETTA

Maybe I'll just jump outa' this bed and  
turn it over to you!

CHARLIE

Now, Loretta, you gotta stay where the  
doctors put you. (THE WORDS COME BACK AT  
HIM)

LORETTA

And what does that mean!

CHARLIE

Well, that time heals all wounds, and you  
just gotta wait.

LORETTA

Why? Why wouldn't it be a good idea if  
I just got up and showed 'em there's  
nothin' wrong with me a-tall?

CHARLIE

Because there's been this complication!

LORETTA

What complication?

CHARLIE

Well, from the surgery. And the doctors  
say you can't rush it, you just gotta wait.

LORETTA

(WITH A STEADY GAZE, INTENTLY) Well, then,  
they just better hurry up the waitin' part.

CHARLIE BREATHING A TEMPORARY SIGH  
OF RELIEF.

FADE OUT.

ACT FOURSCENE ~~6~~ 1SHUMWAY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

MARTHA WRINGING HER HANDS TO GRANDPA.

MARTHA

Oh, Pa, you know what George is like!

GRANDPA

That's what I kept tryin' to tell you when you married him.

MARTHA

No, I mean, when he's mad.

GRANDPA

What's the difference when he's mad? He just does it louder.

MARTHA

But his temper! He could hurt himself... or somebody else... or himself. The way he grabbed that baseball bat --

GRANDPA

George? He's too old for baseball.

MARTHA

No, as a weapon... to go down to that massage parlor.

GRANDPA

I didn't know George was interested in things like that.

MARTHA

Where Cathy worked!

GRANDPA

Cathy? No. She's too young. They wouldn't let her in.

MARTHA

I'm just afraid he'll kill somebody. Oh, the look on his face! And it's not that Cathy was hurt... just more embarrassed. Of course, it's what could have happened to her!

GRANDPA

It's his hemorrhoids.

MARTHA

George's hemorrhoids?

GRANDPA

He's so full of hot air, they've gone to his head. (SMILES AT HIS OWN JOKE)

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR, IMPATIENT

MARTHA

Just a second. (RUSHING TO ANSWER) Miss Walashak!

ROBERTA

(VERY DISTRAUGHT) Oh, Mrs. Shumway -- !

MARTHA

You're looking for --

ROBERTA

Grandpa! (CHARGING RIGHT PAST HER)

MARTHA

That's who I was gonna guess!

GRANDPA

Hi, ya, Roberta!

ROBERTA

(TURNING BACK TO MARTHA) Oh, he's so sweet,  
I don't even have to say what it is and he  
understands!

GRANDPA

Want a peanut butter sandwich?

ROBERTA

You see? He's always trying.

MARTHA

Yes, he's very trying.

ROBERTA

Why don't I sit down?

MARTHA

All right...

ROBERTA

(AS SHE DOES) Grandpa?

GRANDPA

Me, too? Sure, if you think it'll help.

(SITTING TOO)

ROBERTA

No, nothing'll help! It's much too late for that.

MARTHA

(SITTING TOO) Too late for what?

(TO GRANDPA) I think she's crying.

GRANDPA

Yeah? I thought that was her natural expression.

ROBERTA

(PATTING HIS ARM) Oh, that is so dear, so like him. Trying to lift my spirits. (SNIFFS AND GATHERS HERSELF TO GO ON) It all started when I took you out to that dinner. All my supposed friends, laughing, whispering... because I was with someone... well, older... and then this afternoon I had a fight with my superior, Mrs. Hildebrand! She said I was becoming personally involved with my cases!

MARTHA

Well, if you're going out on dates with them, I can see...

ROBERTA

I told her she was a nosey old bat!

GRANDPA

Good for you!

ROBERTA

And she told me I was fired! (CRYING)

MARTHA

Oh, dear! From your job?

ROBERTA

(NODDING YES) At first I was thinking of  
... ending it all.

MARTHA

You weren't!

ROBERTA

But then I realized, that's foolish. I'm  
young and intelligent, and Raymond's given  
me such a whole new slant on life...

GRANDPA

I lean when I walk.

MARTHA

I know, Pa.

ROBERTA

That I just went out and got the first job  
I saw an ad for! Selling Feminessa Beauty  
Products door to door. If I can just  
learn to ring without fear and not smear  
my lipstick. (REACHING FOR GRANDPA'S HAND)

CUT TO:

SCENE 7 2

MARY'S KITCHEN

MARY LISTENING AS CATHY GOES APE.

CATHY

Mary, why won't you listen to me? Why  
won't you believe me? Daddy will murder  
Sal Babbitaglia! He'll go in there and  
bash his skull -- I know it, Mary. I --

SFX: THE PHONE RINGS.

MARY

(ANSWERING) Hello.

TWO WAY: FOLEY, LIMBO PHONE

FOLEY

Mary, Dennis.

MARY

Oh, Sgt. Foley?

FOLEY

I thought it was Dennis by now.

MARY

It is, it just can't be now.

FOLEY

I hope I haven't called at a bad  
time --

MARY

Yeah, pretty bad -- actually it depends  
on whether you're more interested in murder  
or simple assault --

FOLEY

I was thinking I hadn't seen or heard from  
you in a long time... and maybe we could  
have dinner tonight.

MARY

Oh, tonight? I couldn't --

FOLEY

Sure, you could. You and your husband  
are separated.

MARY

How did you know?

FOLEY

Let's just say word travels. Seven?

MARY

No, really, I couldn't. I mean, we're not  
....that is, I'm not...

FOLEY

Not what?

MARY

I don't know. I really don't know. I  
wish I did, but I don't... Could I tell  
you something?

FOLEY

Yes.

MARY

You won't be cross with me?

FOLEY

No.

MARY

Goodbye. (HANGS UP FAST)

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVE~~SCENE 8~~MESSAGE PARLOR - AFTERNOON

A PLAINCLOTHESMAN AT THE DESK, READING  
SAL BABBITAGLIA'S RACING FORM. GEORGE  
COMES IN WITH HIS BASEBALL BAT, CON-  
TROLLED, BUT DEFINITELY OUT FOR BLOOD.

COP

(LOOKING UP) Afternoon...

GEORGE

Yeah?

COP

What can I do for you?

GEORGE

Oh, yeah?

COP

I'm sorry, I can't remember. Are you a  
regular?

GEORGE

Regular what?

COP

Here at the Moana-Pua Massage.

GEORGE

Look, buddy, I suppose everybody looks  
like a regular to you but some of us are  
fathers --

COP

Whatcha got the bat for?

GEORGE

-- Fathers of innocent girls who are out  
looking for an honest day's work!

COP

Part of your kick?

GEORGE

Look, you creep -- (THE CONTROL GOING FAST)

THE COP FLASHES HIS BADGE, AS  
SIMULTANEOUS BABBITAGLIA IS  
HAULED OUT BY DETECTIVE JOHNSON.

JOHNSON

Okay, let's go! Shumway!

GEORGE

Det. Johnson!

COP

You two know each other?

JOHNSON

Sure -- this is the guy who was the father  
of the broad -- I mean, lady -- held  
hostage in the Chinese laundry.

COP

No kiddin'! Well, I guess it takes all  
kinds!

GEORGE

(POINTING AT BABBITAGLIA IN CUFFS) Who's  
that?

BABBITAGLIA

Sal Babbitaglia, honest entropeneer, whose  
civil rights is bein' violated.

GIRL

Yeah.

GEORGE

Then you're the creep who victimizes  
innocent girls -- ! (DROPPING HIS HAT,  
GOES FOR BABBITAGLIA'S THROAT -- OF COURSE,  
PULLED OFF BY THE COPS)

BABBITAGLIA

Get him off me! Get him off!

GEORGE

(STRUGGLING) I'd be doin' you a favor if  
they didn't!

JOHNSON

Come on, Mr. Shumway. This is a raid. If  
you get in the way, we'll just have to  
charge you with obstruction --  
THE COP HUSTLING BABBITAGLIA OUT.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

The station's sending another wagon.

COP

Gotcha. (HE'S GONE)

JOHNSON

(TURNING) Now, Mr. Shumway, perhaps if  
you can tell me what you're doing here?

GEORGE

Yeah, sure. I was doing what I was afraid  
you guys wouldn't do!

JOHNSON

We're cracking down on these places, Mr.  
Shumway. Arresting the owners, the girls,  
and the customers.

GEORGE

And it's about time! I mean, after my  
daughter came home... (GRINDING TO A HALT)  
I mean, after I heard there were these  
places where young girls could...

JOHNSON

What, Mr. Shumway? Do you want to tell  
me something about your daughter?

GEORGE

No, of course not! My little girl?

JOHNSON

Then what are you doing here?

GEORGE

Me? Well, I, uh...

JOHNSON

(PICKING UP BAT) This yours?

GEORGE

That? Uh...

JOHNSON

Seen a lot of things in this place.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

One guy comes in with rubber hose and a meter maid's uniform. But a baseball bat -- is unique.

GEORGE

Yeah, I guess it is.

JOHNSON

I'm afraid if you can't tell me what you're doing here now, Mr. Shumway, I'll have to take you down to the station so you can tell us there.

GEORGE

Well... (HE'S CLEARLY SUNK)

JOHNSON SLAPS SOME CUFFS ON HIM  
AND THEY GO.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE #29